(Centaining ye True History of ye Great Virginia Fright). Jour Brows in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yan-

kee farmer. Brave and godly, with four sons-all stalwart men There he spoke aloud for Freedom, and the Border

strife grew warmer, Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence in the night-

And Old Brown. Osawatomie Brown, Came homeward in the morning-to find his hones

burned down. Then he grasped his trusty rifle and boldly fought for

Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading And he and his brave boys vowed-so might Heaven

belp and speed 'em !-They would save those grand old prairies from the curse that blights the land; And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown, Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his ramrod down.

And the Lord did aid these men, and they labored day and even, Baving Kansas from its peril-and their very lives

emed charmed; Till the Ruffians killed one son, in the blessed light of Heaven-

In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed all unarmed: Then Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown, Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned a ter-

Then they seized another brave boy-not amid the But in peace, behind his plow-share-and they

loaded him with chains, And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad

Drove him, cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew out his brains; Then Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown, Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's vengeance down.

And be swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Al-He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed

and torn him so-He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day

and night; be Would so pursue its footsteps so return it blew for blow-That Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown, Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue eye grew wilder,

And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing battle from afar; And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas

strife waxed milder, Orew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border

War. And Old Brown

Osawatomie Brown, Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful glare

So be left the plains of Kansas and their bitter wees Slipt off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are

Mired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew where to find him,

Or whether he'd turned parson, or was jacketed and shorn; For Old Brown.

Osawatomie Brown,

Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's

He bought no plows and harrows, spades and shovels or such trifles; But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,

Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved And eighteen other madmen joined their leader there

Save Old Brown.

Osawatomie Brown,

"Boys, we have got an army large enough to whip

"Whip the town, and seize the muskets, free the ne groes and then arm them-Carry the County and the State; aye, and all the

potent South; On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims

rise to barm them—
These Virginians! who believed not, nor would heed the warning mouth."

Says Old Brown, Osawatomie Brown, "The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not JOHN BROWN!

"T was the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a "This good work," declared the captain, "shall be

on a holy night !" It was on a Sunday evening, and, before the noon Monday,

With two so and Cantain Stephens, fifteen privates-black and white-

Captain Brown. Osawatomie Brown. Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked the

sentinel down; Took the guarded armory building, and the muskets and the cannon;

Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they

ran on. And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was

Mad Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown, With his eighteen other crazy men went in and took Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder

It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor's

coup d'état ;
"Cut the wires: stop the rail-cars: hold the streets and bridges!" said he-

Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star-This Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown! And the bold two-thousand citizens ran off and left the

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here and thither !

And the MARTINSBURG SHARPSHOOTERS and the CHARLESTOWN VOLUNTERS,

And the SHEPHERDSTOWN and WINCHESTER MILITIA hastened whither

Old Brown was said to muster grenadiers! General Brown!

Osawatomie Brown !! Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring down.

But at last, 't is said, some prisoners escaped from Old And the effervescent valor of Ye Chivalry broke

forth.

When they learned that nineteen madmen had the ma? velous assurance—
Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them frightened forth;

Genwatomie Brown, Found an army come to take him, encamped around

And Old Brown,

But to storm with all the forces we have mentioned was too risky; So they hurried off to Richmond for the GOVERS-MENT MARINES-

Tore them from their weeping matrone-fired their souls with Bourbon whisky— Till they battered down Brown's castle with their ladders and machines:

And Old Brown, Osawatomie Brown,

Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old crown. Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying! In they rush and kill the game, shooting lustily

away;" And whene'er they slay a rebel, those who come too late for slaying,

Not to lose a share of glory, fire their bullets in his

And Old Brown.

Osawatomie Brown Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid him down. How the conquerors were their lanrels-how they

hastened on the trial-How Old Brown was placed, half-dying, on the Charlestown Court-House floor-

How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all de-

What the brave old madman told them-these are known the country o'er. "Hang Old Brown,

"Osawatomie Brown," Said the Judge, "and all such rebels!" with his most judicial frown. But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the

flagon. Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first poured by Southern hands; h drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the

red gore of the dragon, May spring up a vengeful Fury hissing through your slave-worn lands; And Old Brown,

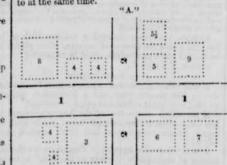
Osawatomie Brown, May trouble you more than ever, when you've nailed his coffin down! "The hunt was up-wee to the game inclosed within the v circle. The town was occupied by a thousand or fiftee

fiery circle. The town was occupied by a thousand or fifted hundred men, including valuateer companies from Shepherd town, Charlestown, Winchester, and elsewhere, but the arms and unorganized multitude largely predominated, giving the affamore the character of a great hunting scene than that of a bett The savage game was holed beyond all possibility of except."

[Virginia Cor. of Harper's Weekly.

THE TRIALS AT CHARLESTOWN. spondence of The N. Y. Tribune. CHARLESTOWN, Va. Wednesday, Nov. 9, 1859.

THE RECORD OF A DAY IN CHARLESTOWN. The people here are congratulating themselves on the decline of the excitement. Enough, however, lasts to more than satisfy inexperienced visitors, whose lives are not so hotly spiced with warlike variety as those of the sunny Southerners. I call it a fair evidence of excitement to find a town in such an explosive state of feeling that the slightest spark of Northern sentiment sets it off roaring and violent as an ill-regulated volcano. When martial law pervades a community: when no two persons can meet without helping one another to loud-sounding expressions of wrath; when business is more than half suspended; when female residents are restrained from venturing beyond their thresholds, so that a bonnet is as rare a curiosity as a phrase without an oath; when armed patrols are constantly on the alert; when Sharp's rifles take the places of walking-sticks; when every stranger is hemmed in by vulgar scrutiny, and forced to undergo continual inspection, or reviled in newspapers, I think the existence of excitement may be acknowledged without much difficulty. Let me endeavor to give a notion of the most prominent public events of a day in Charlestown—those which would strike a newcomer the most forcibly, and which are now far less marked than they were a week ago. It may be interesting to have a plan of the center of the town to refer to at the same time.



1. Main Street of Charlestown: 2. Cross Street; 2. Cour House: 4. Lawyers Offices and Bar-Rooms; 5. Jail; 5. Jail Yard: 6. Market, in which the Volunteer Troops are quartered 7. Sappington's Hotel, in which the "Continentals" are quartered; 8. Carter House, where the Court officers mostly reside 9. Dwelling-Houses.

At sunrise, the rattling of the drums awakens all sleepers. The night patrol comes in, staggering under some fatigue and some old rye, and tumbles wearily to bed. In front of the Market building the troops are convened, exercised, marched about, and disse Then, for an hour, a partial quiet is restored. Toward 7 o'clock, the corner groups begin to gather. The open square in front of the Court-House is occupied by clusters of earnest orators, who repeat the stale invectives of the past ten days. As morning advances, the knots of people are drawn tighter, in a doubl sense. By the jail door poor Harding, the District-Attorney, than whom the least of John Brown's party is a worthier specimen of humanity, strives to clea his brain, clouded by last night's revels, by long con tinued arguments in which no one but himself takes part. At 91 o'clock, the Court bell rings, the Judge ssumes his chair. The lawyers drop into their places, and the outside crowd pours in. A detschment of the Continentals (the volunteer troops being, as yet, too inexperienced for so responsible a charge) marches across to the jail, receives the prisoner, which, to-day, is Cook, and, with solemn dignity, conducts him over the way to the hall of justice (convenient and popular though, sometimes, inaccurate title).

As the trial begins, the cruckling of chestnuts sets in, and accompanies the proceedings without cessation. The lawyers coil themselves up in strange attitudes, o protrude their legs over tables and railings. The pris oner, Cook, is very thoughtful, and does not seem to possess the fearlessness which animates almost all of his confederates. He is very pale, certainly, and the stoop of his shoulders detracts from the manliness of his presence. He is a smaller man than any of the rest. His light hair and complexion, and uncertain eyes, seem to indicate an irresolution of purpose, which I have not seen in Brown, nor Coppic, nor Stephens. The crowd regards him with great batred, for he is looked upon with more hostility than all the others together, Very often the denunciations that are uttered against him rise to a clamor that calls for the interference of the sheriff; and then, for a moment all is still again, except the ceaseless snapping of

the chestnut shells. Without, the unvarying round of discussion goes on An editor of one of the local unwashed sheets has se cured a party of listeners, to whom he propounds plans for raising a committee to wait upon the suspected strangers in town, men and women alike, and to com-pel them to depart, under penalty of lynching. This proposition is received with favor, until some one

comes along with a new idea, to which the recently adopted gives way. The debates wax more and more bitter, until a lady, a stranger, walks out of her hotel, and approaches the jail. The crowd at exce becomes breathless. All eyes fasten upon her. Instinctively the locks of some rifles are examined. There are perfeetly audible mutterings of rage. But the lady passes by the jail, and goes on, and the tension of the Vir-

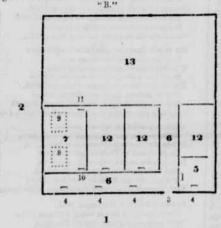
ginia nerve is relaxed once more. At dinner time there is a peaceful hour. The prisoper is bayonetted back to his cell, and the multit having seen and approved the operation, give them selves up to appetite. For a brief hour the angry rats sions vanish. As yet, in Charlestown, cookery supersedes cannibalism. The delicious pies of the horst Sinners, standing out in very effective contrast to the numberiess discomforts around, soothe all asperities. and overcome all crustiness but their own. But very scon the drams are heard again. The soldiers come forth, and the people follow. The turbulence of the morning returns. The court-room is replemened, and the streets echo with highly-flavored conversations.

In the middle of the afternoon, it is rumored that a Northern lady, in defiance of the prohibition of the Sheriff, is to be admitted, by favor of Capt. Avis, the jailor, to see Brown. This is a terrible turn of affairs. What can the jailor think of? Col. Romulus and Major Remus are lost in amazement. They resolve to interpose remonstrances, but, as they start upon this errand, they see the lady entering the jail door. It is then too late. The excitement rises to intensity. There is talk of mobbing the jail. A throng gathers, Half an hour passes. The fever grows upon them. An hour. Some measures must be taken. Shall the jail be stormed at once? Ah, here she is. Stop; is it she? Look closely at those features. Make sure it is not Old Brown, disguised in feminine attire. No, all s safe in that direction. But, observe the frowns, the cold-blooded glares that follow the visitor as she moves away. A man might well quail before them.

The failer is put through a scorching course of interregations. Luckily he is a man of firmness and decision, and has the courage to beat down the noisy complaints that assail him. But there are few in Charlestown like Capt. Avis.

At nightfall, the circumspection is doubled. From passage through the streets is not yielded. At every turn you meet an ugly fellow, with a still uglier musket (generally a flint-cock, at which the Colonel in command is greatly scandalized, averring that the Government sends all its best arms to the North, and reserves the worst for Virginia), who will neither let you advance nor recede, without a long parley. Later n the evening you cannot go about at all, except within close range of your hotel. There, indeed, you may have the delights of society-a bar-room filled with blatant boors, who, unchecked by the presence of the Judge, who sits among them, rehearse their foolish frenzies, and strive in vain to drown their venom it successive flowing bowls. Thus pass the days and nights in Charlestown.

BROWN AND HIS PLACE OF CONFINEMENT. As far as a man can be made comfortable in a jail and under circumstances like his, I believe Brown is so. His jailer is a humane and a just man. He does all for his prisoners that his duty allows him to. think he has a sincere respect for Brown's undannte fortitude and fearlessness. He permits Brown and Stephens to occupy the same room, the position of which, as well as the general arrangement of the jail, I give herewith:



 Main Street of Charlestown; 2. Cross Street; 3. The Jail cor; 4. Front Windows; 4. Reception Jail-Room; 6. Pas-ges; 5. Brown's Cell; 8. Brown's Cot; 9. Stephens's Berges; Door of Brown's Cell; 11. Window of Brown's Cell; 12. ther Cells and Rooms; 13. Jail-Yard, surrounded by a Wall inteen or fourteen feet high. This is exact and particular, and I can give no fur-

ther details of the interior of the jail, excepting that above and below, and that great care has been taken to remove every nail and other metallic implement from each cell. The victims, you see, must be carefully preserved for the sacrifice.

Brown's conversation is singularly attractive. His manner is magnetic. It attracts every one who approaches him, and while he talks he reigns. The other prisoners venerate him. Stephens sits in his bed, usually with his face away from the window, and listens all day to "the Captain's" words, seldom offering a syllable except when called upon. Sometimes he gets a little excited, and springs forward to make clear some point about which "the Captain" is in doubt, but his five bullets, in head and breast, weigh him down, and he is soon exhausted. As for the other men-Copeland, Green and Coppic, they are always sending messages to "the Captain," assuring him that "it "was not they who confessed, and he masn't growl 'at them, but at Cook" I cannot forget bearing Brown express himself on the subject of the threatening anonymous letters that have been received by Gov. Wise relating to his case. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "I tell you what I think of them. They come from no friends of mine. I have nothing to do with such friends. Why, genelemen, of all the things in the world that I despise, anonymous letters are the worst. If I had a little job to do, I would sooner take one half the men I brought down here to help me than as many of these fellows as could fill "all Jefferson County, standing close upon every "inch. If I don't get out of this jail before such people as they are take me out, I shan't go very soon." A WOMAN'S WORD.

I was standing at the railroad depot this morning, amusing myself with the manner in which the soldiers and citizens collect to take note of all arrivals. The train from Winchester came in. A woman lifted one of the car windows, and gazed out with much interest. She was very nearly a beauty, or else the entire seclusion of the feminine part of Charlestown has deprived me of standards for comparison. She certainly did not look at all like an ogress. She very soon began to talk in a loud tone, with the evident intention of being overheard, for her handsome eyes glanced slyly round at every moment, to mark the impression she created I am going to tell you what this pleasant creature and her companion, her husband, I suppose, said:

Did you tell me, Paul, that there was another

Yes, another was caught yesterday." "Then there are six now 'Yes, six altogether."

Will they all be hanged together?" Probably. What, all six ?"

"Oh, won't that be gay ?" "Yes, indeed." "Ob, Paul, may I be here to see? I wish I could

vait till it was all done.

Paul laughs, and looks admiringly on the vivacion eaker.) 'Then, Paul, they'll catch those other villains, Giddings, and all those, and hang them, too, won't they !

"Oh, I must be here, Pant, get me some water." Water, gentle lady, why did you not ask for blood?

It would have better satisfied your particular thiret,

Prople may say what they please of the indifferof the acgrees to the passing events, but it is not true They barn with anxiety to learn every partionlar, but they fear to show it. A hotel servant busied himself the whole morning a day or two ago to extract from as samething concerning the prospects of Brown, with est appearing to ask a direct question. At last I Add him he'd better say what he wanted. "Woll, after all, with Mr. Brown!" I told him they would surely hang him. "Well, now," he said, argu "Don't you see it would be a pity to do sything so 'brapt.' I told him that if Brown were not dispered of, the people in Virginia would think melves in a bad scrape. "Pity they wasn't," said shuffing away very much discomposed. THE TRIBUNE,

think the people here do not like THE TRIBUNE es circulation is forbidden, but it leaks in neverthe es. I saw a man to-day tear a copy with his teeth perreading something that displeased him. I wa sprised that so incendiary a document did not burn

JOHN BROWN'S LETTER TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE TRUE AID AND COMFORT TO THE DOOMER OLD MAN. A. Editor of The N. Y. Tribune:

SIE: I was much surprised to see my corresponde with Gov. Wise published in your columns. As ave Lever given any person a copy, I presume you base obtained it from Virginia. My proposal to and nurse that brave and generous old man, who so villingly gives his life a sacrifice for God's oppressed poor, originated in a very simple and unmeritorious npulse of kindness. I heard his friends inquiring, Has he no wife, or sister, that can go to nurse We are trying to ascertain, for he needs some one.' Arong enough to be trusted. I replied, that my age to go, and that I would go most gladly. I accordingly wrote to Capt. Brown, and inclosed the letter to Gov. Wise. My intention was to slip away quietly, without having the affine and the state of the state of the state of the state. My niece said she would go at once, if her health were Wise. My intention was to slip away quietly, withou having the affair made public. I packed my trunk and

llected a quantity of old linen for lint, and awaited lings from Virginia. When Gov. Wise answered lings from he suggested "the imprudence of trying any experiment upon the peace of a society already greatly excited," &c. My husband and I took counsel together, and we both concluded that, as the noble old
veteran was said to be fust recovering from his wounds, and as my presence might create a popular excite ment, unfavorable to such chance as the prisoner has for a fair trial, I had better wait until I received a refor a fair trial, I had better wait until I received a Neply from Capt. Brown himself. Fearing to do him more harm than good, by following my impulse, I waited for his own sanction. Meanwhile, his wife, said to be a brave-hearted, Roman matron, worthy of such a mate, has gone to him; and I have received the following reply: Respectfully, yours,

Beston, Nev. 10, 1359.

L. MARIA CHILD. MRS. L. MARIA CHILD .- My Dear Friend (such

rou prove to be, though a stranger): Your most kind etter has reached me, with the kind offer to come here and take care of me. Allow me to express my gratitude for your great sympa'hy, and at the same time to propose to you a different course, together with my reasons for wishing it. I should certainly be greatly pleased to become personally acquainted with one so gifted and so kind; but I cannot avoid seeing some objections to it, under present circumstances. First I am in charge of a most humane gentleman who, with his family, have rendered me every possible attention I have desired, or that could be of the least advantage; and I am so far recovered from my wounds as no longer to require nursing. Then, again, it would subject you to great personal inconvenience and heavy expense, without doing me any good. Allow me to name to you another channel, through which you may reach me with your sympathies much more effectually I have at home a wife, and three young daughters, the youngest but little over five years old, the t nearly sixteen. I have also two daughtersin-law, whose husbands have both fallen near me here. There is also another widow, Mrs. Thompson, whose husband fell here. Whether she is a mother or not, I cannot say. All these, my wife included, live at North Elba, Essex County, New-York. I have a middle-aged son, who has been, in some degree, a cripple from his childhood, who would have as much as h ould well do to earn a living. He was a most dreadful sufferer in Kansas, and lost all he had laid up. He has not enough to clothe himself for the Winter com fortably. I have no living son, or son-in-law, who did not suffer terribly in Kansas.

Now, dear friend, would you not as soon contribute fifty cents now, and a like sum yearly, for the relief of those very poor and deeply afflicted persons? To enable them to supply themselves and their children with bread and very plain clothing, and to enable the children to receive a common English education? Will you asle devote your own energies to induce others to oin you in giving a like amount, or any other amount, to constitute a little fund for the purpose named ?

I cannot see how your coming here can do me the least good; and I am quite certain you can do me immense good where you are. I am quite cheerful under all my afflicting circumstances and prospects; having, as I humbly trust, "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," to rule in my heart. You may make such use of this, as you see fit. God Almighty bless and reward you a thousand fold! Yours in sincerity and truth,

FROM WASHINGTON.

From Our Own Correspondent.
WASHINGTON, Nov. 9, 1859.

An abortive attempt has been made to get up sensation over the San Juan affair on the Pacific, but there is not the least danger of trouble, and the parties involved are not disposed to quarrel. England has her hands full just now, in preserving that remarkable entente cordiale with France, and our Administration is not particularly belligerent. least, it has no reputation in that line. Mr. Buchanan is known to be a man of peace, and wears a white choker as a signal of his amiable nature. It is more than forty years since Gen. Cass broke his sword on a memorable occasion, thus discarding even one of the emblems of war. As these two are supposed to manage the question on our side, we have guaranties of a pacific solution without referring to the conciliatory disposition which was manifested in the surrender of half of Oregon, rather than take the alternative of a collision at arms. Lord Palmerston, of course, must show his chronic grudge, and Lord John Russell could not be content without "putting his foot in it." They have both gratified their peculiarities, and without much advantage. If they will undertake to digest Gen. Case's broadside of one hundred and twenty-five pages, it may be confidently assumed no hostile feel-ing will be manifested afterward.

There can be no interruption to our relations, because no cause exists, and the whole territory in

dispute is really not worth the foolscap which has been consumed in diplomatic correspondence. If either side should ever say "fight," it will be only because the fact is well ascertained that crowds of bystanders will rush in to hold the un-anxious challenger. It is quite a safe operation, and therefore our Message may venture to be a little toploftical. Old Palmerston came into power this last time entirely upon the strength of his alliance with Louis Napoleon. Let him look after Johnny Crapeau, and take up a telescope to spy out the ship-building at Toulon, the vast increase of miliship-building at Toulon, the vast increase of mili-tary equipment and an armament altogether such as the world has never seen before. What does all this mean, my Lord? What is your friend and former Constable, Louis Napoleon, after? There are a thousand San Juans breeding in one of those huge batteries across the Channel, as the world may discover some bright morning, when the roar of their united thunder will reverberate across the Atlantic.

The game to be pursued at Charleston is fully developed, and understood in political circles. It

is simply to reaffirm the Cincinnati platform in terms, adding a plank for the Dred Scott decision. This is the basis of compromise to be adopted be-tween the rival factions of the Democracy, and which will enable both to claim a victory, while ascerting their respective doctrines in direct antagenism to each other. It was by this artful decep tion that ruccess was obtained in 1856-a decepti which was openly admitted in the Senate debate last session, when Mr. Brown of Mississippi de-elated, in reply to Mr. Bouglas, the South should not be "cheated again." Their only mode of re-union is by repeating the frand. As lightning does ret often strike twice on the same spot, it is hardly probable the next experiment will be attended with e same success as the first. Mr. Douglas is ready to crawl back into the regular organization, and to

support the Charleston nominee, without any refer-

Depend upon it, Mr. Appleton will not leave the

to his antecedents.

Depend upon it, Mr. Apparation will not teave the Department of State in a hurry, all rumors to the centrary notwithstanding. The country may become composed, for this is a fixed fact. We have have had reports of his intended exodus for two years, and the Republic has been spasmodically excited by an anticipation never yet realized. As to a foreign mission, that will not pay, since the outfits have been abolished and nothing but the salary remains. True, the per diem is better than that of an Assistant Secretary, but there is the expensive currer, the setting up of an establishment, and the dollar-taking et ceteras. So that, while he might have a better cook and drive an unpretending span, the accounts at the end of the year would about balance each other. The President can't spare Mr. Appleton. He takes to him as I do to The Constitution. I must have my Constitution at breakfast, and so must the President have his Appleton, or the day would go wrong. Then he is wanted in the Department as a wheel-horse to drag the Circumlocution Office along, and there are outside patriots who require his influence at headquarters, and his facsities of "putting things iright." So, alto-gether, we must hold on to Master Appleton, though the country knows he is very anxious to go, and only stays under a sense of patriotic acqui-

LITERARY.

-Mr. Charles Reade, the popular novelist, has put forth a manifesto to the press of rather indefinite purport. It seems to express plenty of indignation generally at the critical notices of "It is Never too Late to Mend," and winds up with the startling intimation that Mr. Reade " cannot afford to throw great stones at little birds. He cannot write a book merely to expose one heartless ass and five or six echoes." Able expounders see in these Orphic utterances promise of a new edition of the book, supported by proofs of its prison revelations.

-Dr. William Bell is preparing a book that will not fail to attract attention, under the title-" Three Missing Years in the Life of Shakspere." From external and internal evidence he considers the fact proved that Shakespeare spent some time in Germany, having ' fled his native country " to escape the vengeance of Sir Thomas Lucy. He says: " Perhaps the stronges proof of Shakespeare's residence and studies in Ger many are subjectives ones, from his own works. Hint of German manners, allusions to German usages and my thology, use of German words, phrases, and constructions in a sense unusual before him, are frequent, and are throughout stumbling blocks to commentators from the ignorance, not merely of modern Germanisms, but of the low dialect of the language formerly in univer-

-Messrs. Griffin & Co. of Glasgow are preparing a Hand-Book of Contemporary Biography," on the plan of stating facts-not attempting estimates, or venturing on opinions. Such a plan, well carried out, will produce a manual whose use is evident to allcetemporary biography being generally the most difficult class to investigate. Memoirs of living celebrities however new, are admitted in Knight's English Cyclo pedia of Biography, the New American Cyclopædia, and Didot's Biographie Generale. Still, remarkable men ring up faster than they can be recorded, and a supplement is already published to Vapereau's huge drag-net of living notabilities, which appeared in Paris less than a year ago. -The large sale attained by the "New American

Cyclopædia," while yet in progress (13,000 copies), is testimony to the punctuality and strict adherence to siness arrangements which have marked its issue. Within two years from the appearance of the first volime, seven volumes are delivered to subscribers, every line being original. The mere collection and arrange ment of so great a mass of matter in this limited time would be remarkable, but in this case there is the additional labor involved in the fact, that the aggregate is composed of portions written by contributors from every State in the Union, and often by men who are not thors will readily show. By this economy of time, a homogeneous work is produced free from the usual reproach of Cyclopedias that, from the long interval be tween the commencing and the end, one-half of the work is inapplicable to existing facts.

-Mr. Harrison Ainsworth has written a positive contradiction to the statement of Dr. Shelton Mackenthat Dr. Maginn was the author of the well-known and spirited ballads introduced in the novel of "Rook " Mr. Ainsworth says: "There is not a word of truth in Dr. Mackenzie's statement. Dr. Maginn never wrote one line of 'Rookwood,' text or ballads A proceeding like the present would have filled him with disgust and indignation. In putting forward this unwarrantable statement, Dr. Sbelton Mackenzie has committed an act of gross injustice toward the memory of Dr. Maginn, as well as toward myself, and is bound to make every reparation in his power." The letter appears in " Notes and Queries." In the same number another correspondent speaks of "the late Dr. Macken zie;" so that, from the London stand-point, (as the Germans say), Mr. Ainsworth's call for reparation rather unreasonable. "Can a ghost apologise"!

-Dr. William Smith, editor of the valuable series of Dictionaries of Classical Biography, Antiquities, and Geography, is about concluding his labors by the publication of a "Dictionary of Biblical Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History." It will extend to two volumes, one of which is prom the present season by Mr. Murray. A large sum was offered for the advance sheets, with the object of in corporating the materials in the "Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature," long in preparation by Drs. McClintock and Strong (to be issued by Messrs. Harper), but it will probably be for sale to the American public through Messrs. Little & Brown of Boston, at the same reduced rate at which they supply Dr. Smith's Dictionaries already published in six volumes-about half of the London price.

-Max Müller, the German scholar, and adopted of Oxford, has just brought out a work of great ethnoogical interest, " History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature, so far as it illustrates the Primitive Religion of the Brahmins," (8vo.) In all such researches, Prof. Müller is the first living authority, and the readers of Chevalier Bunsen's works will remember how he defers to the opinion of his protegé, who owes to him his introduction and establishment at the English seat of learning and orthodoxy. -A great literary curiosity has just been brought to

notice from the most unlikely quarter possible. It is in the words of the Edinburgh Reviewer) "a perfectly authentic, but hitherto unknown fragment of the Johnsonian Collections." The "Diary of a Visit to England, by an Irish Clergyman," Dr. Thomas Campbell, in 1775, during which he lived in the society of the Thrales, Dr. Johnson, Burke, &c., and is men-tioned by Boswell as an Irish gentleman who came to England principally from a desire to see Dr. Johnson. The manuscript Diary itself was accidentally discovered behind a press, in the office of the Supreme Court of New South Wales; and it is printed at Sydney, edited by Wm. Raymond, an officer of that Court. The reviewer supposes his copy to be the only one " on this side the equator," and gives copious extracts, which whet one's curiosity for the remainder. In many cases dinner parties already given by Boswell, and mainly ing the general truth of his narrative, with m merons characteristic additions. One sparkle we make room for: "Boswell, arguing in favor of a cheerful glass, adduced the maxim, In vino veritas. Well, says Johnson), and what then I unless the man Acc lived a lie." Dr. Campbell, contemplating a work on Irish history, was presented, by Burke, with four folio volumes, containing his manuscript collections and waterials on this subject, a precious deposit, whose retrieval is almost too much to hope for. Dr. Camp-bell died in 1795. His nephew and heir emigrated to New South Wales, and no doubt carried his uncle's journal along with him.

-Mr. Munsell of Albany has undertaken a Historical Series, from unpublished MSS., relating to American History, the number of impressions to be limited strictly to one hundred copies of each work on small, and five on large paper. The two works he has ow preparing are an " Original Diary of the Siege of Detroit in the War with Pontiac, 1763, by an Eye Witness," and "The Minutes of the Secret Committee for Obstructing the Navigation of the Hudeon River," with Notes and Illustrations by E. M. Rullenber. It is a volume that will commend itself to local tiquarians, as it includes details of the Fire-ships, the Chains at Fort Montgomery and West Point, Chevanx de Frise at Fort Washington, &c., with nans and engravings. Mr. Munsell is rapidly earning the title of the Whittingham of America. His antiquarian works are got up with the taste that knowldge and love of the subject inspire. -"Poems" (Miss Mulock's new book), by the author

of "John Halifax, Gentleman," with engravings by Birket Foster, is announced by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, who have also in press a new book by Mr. Atkinson, the Siberian traveler-" The Upper and Lower Amoor, a Narrative of Travel and Adventure." Though the arbitrary and restrictive policy of the Russian Government has damped the immediate expectation of great commercial advantages, the region is one of interest, and so entirely unknown that any information is well come. Mr. Collins, the active American Consul at the Amoor River, has also a work on the subject nearly ready, which Appleton & Co. will issue.

-The Rev. E. H. Charis's "Select Sermons

[twenty], preached in the Broadway Church," will be published next week in a 12mo, of 348 pages by H. Lyon, No. 97 Bleecker street.

THE POULTRY CROP OF 1859.

We have received a great many inquiries, the tener of which will be understood from the following extract from a letter:

"You last year gave us your views through that You last year gave us your views torough tuses to papers. The TRIBUNE, in regard to poultry, which are found to be correct, and which saved us some money. Will you be kind enough to do the same this year! Believing you are posted in regard to the quantity in the country, we ask this informa-

tien,"
This information, if it could be given correctly, would be of great importance to our country subscribers. From our own observation in the country, we have been led to think that the crop was a large one, and that consequently prices would be low. We have already stated that the early receipts were unusually large, and this with the warm, foggy days we have had, reduced prices so that all the shippers were losing money. On Friday, the weather turned colder, and an advance of a cent a pound, or more, took place. We spent some hours that day among the largest com sion houses, to elicit all the knowledge we could about the crop, and prospective supply and price. From Messrs. Miller & Carpenter, who have for

everal years past sold more poultry on commis than any other house in the city, we obtained the following memorandum in answer to our questions. They say: They say:

"In reply we would state, from the best information
we can gather, that poultry will be very plenty, and
perhaps quite as much so as last year, and that prices
will rule low the coming Winter."

It is worthy of notice, in corroboration of our quotations of prices every week, that the above firm have printed in their circular that they do not expect to have time to give their correspondents private infor-mation by letter or weekly circular, but instead, they respectfully refer you for quotations of produce to THE DAILY and THE WEEKLY TRIBUSE, which we

consider very reliable," Messrs. Drew & French, another house in the same line of business, have issued notice to their correcpondents that they shall discontinue their weekly circular, and advise them to look to THE TRIBUNE for their information.

They state to us that the sum of their information is that the poultry crop in this State is generally good, but that in the aggregate it may not be larger than last except so looked for from distant portions of the West; and that all poultry sent to this market in good con sell readily at fair prices, and give a fair chance to shippers for profit; but that a great deal of money will be lost by green hands who send forward a great sup-

ply of mean stock. There is always uncertainty in the weather, but aside from that, we do not think there is any great danger of glutting this market with good pealtry. Do not hurry all the poultry in the country into the city for "Thanksgiving week," for fear that you will too late to get first prices. Remember that we shall not be thankful for a surfeit at that time, but would rather make merry over a part of it at Christmas, and be full fed and happy at New-Year's. Remember, too, that it is not necessary to crowd for-ward your stock upon either of these occasions, to get a fair price, because the people of the city buy and eat poultry steadily from November to April; and if it is well put up in cold weather, it will keep perfectly

sweet many weeks. Producers of poultry must not expect as high prices this season as last, because there certainly is a good crop, and because other kinds of food are low. And hippers will profit by a word of caution, not to buy and forward as crazily as some of them did last Winter, else they will meet the same result-that is, very unsatisfactory returns from their commission in

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Self-Education; Or, The Means and Art of Moral Progress, Translated from the French of M. Le Baron Degerando. By Elizabeth P. Pesbody. 12mo. pp. 469. T. O. H. P. Burnham. Burnham.

ican Notes. By Charles Dickens. 270, pp. 104. T. B.
Peterson & Brothers.

ill's Cards for the Study and Practice of Map Drawing. D.
Appleton & Co.

of La Fontaine. Illustrated by J. J. Grandville. Trans-

Appleton 2. Ce.
se of La Fontaine. Illustrated by J. J. Grandville. Translated from the French. By Elliur Wright, jr. 2 vols.
12mo. Derby & Jackson.
Martyrs. Ey M. de Chateaubriand. A Revised Translation.
Edited by O. W. Wight, A. M. 12mo. pp. 451. The

Edited by O. W. Wight, A. M. 12mo. pp. 451. The
Same.
The Thoughts, Letters, and Opuscules of Blaise Pascal. Transhated from the French. By O. W. Wight, A. M. 12mopp. 552. The Same.
Coriner, Or, Italy. By Madame de Stael Translated by Isabel
Bill. With Metrical Versions of the Odes by L. E. Landon. 12mo. pp. 566. The Same.
The Henriade, with the Battle of Fontency, &c. From the
French of M. de Voltaire. Edited by O. W. Wight, A. M.
12mo. pp. 467. The Same.
A History of the Four Georges, Kings of England. By Samuel
M. Smocker, Lt. D. 12mo. pp. 454. D. Appleton & Co.
Human Society; Its Providential Structure, Belations, and
Offices. By F. D. Huntington, D. D. 8vo. pp. 307. Robert Carter & Brotherz.
The Diseases of Cattle. By Geo. H. Dadd. 12mo. pp. 285. John

orticas by F. D. Huntington, D. D. 846, pp. 301. Robert Carter & Brothers.

The Diseases of Cattle. By Geo. H. Dadd. 12mo, pp. 285. John P. Jewett & Co.

Mary Staumton; Or, The Pupils of Marvel Hall. By the suboft of "Portraits of My Married Friends." 12mo pp. 285.

D. Appleton & Co.

The Acts. Epistles, and Revelations (Youth's Bible Studies)
Part Sixih). 18mo. pp. 247. American Tract Society.

The isfant's Primer. 18mo. pp. 112. The Same.
The Council of Revision of the State of New York. By Aifred B. Street. 2vo. pp. 573. William Gould.

-The admirable article in the last New-York Exam-

ner, entitled "Bunyan no Plagiarist," is unders be from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Williams of this city. Squirmels .- From the fact that an enormous drove of gray squirrels, numbering hundreds of thousands, suddenly made their appearance on the Meramac, the

St. Louis papers predict that the coming Winter will be a very cold one. Old settlers affirm that in 1834 and whet one's curiosity for the remainder. In many cases

'52 immense droves of squirrels made their appearan

Dr. Campbell reports at length the same conversation at
followed by intensely cold weather.